

Time To Float

*Ghosts Of Childhood's
Past - II*

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Time To Float by RigorMorton

Series: [Ghosts Of Childhood's Past \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Sequel to Unfinished Business: It's been a few days since your physical encounter with Pennywise.

Just when you think things might be ok, he comes back with the intention of finishing you off, but that's not exactly how it plays out....

In the end you make a deal, saving your life for good, but creating a future problem.

Time To Float

Author's Note:

If you haven't read the first part in this series: Unfinished Business, you really should.

You stretch your legs out as far as they can go, curling your pruning toes over the cold metal tub stopper. You've been in the bath for at least an hour now. The water's still surprisingly warm and the lavender bath oil still smells warm in your nostrils.

You'd stay in here forever if you could. Just relax your cares away, put a washcloth over your face and forget all your problems.

You haven't had a decent night's sleep since Pennywise left your apartment. It's been about a week now. A week you've been spending looking over your shoulder.

As far as you know, the rest of the loser's club are all ok. Bill called yesterday and said he hadn't seen or heard from the clown and neither had the others. The plan to meet back up in Derry was still on and you've already bought your train ticket.

Nonetheless, you're still terrified. You know the clown could come back at any time and probably easily kill all of you. It's a reality that's not easy to live with. You're so tired.

You sit up in the bath, pulling your knees into your chest, contemplating if you should get out and try to go to bed.

Letting out a sigh, you reach over to pull flip the stopper up to drain the tub, but just as your finger slips underneath the metal switch, an long arm darts up from the water, quickly grabbing you by the forearm.

You scream and flail in the water, trying to get loose. Your arm is slippery from the bath oil, and you manage to get loose.

You immediately fling your upper body over the side of the tub - grunting as the cold porcelain edge hits you in the stomach. You push

yourself all the way out - your wet naked body hitting the hard tile floor with a thud.

It's hard to scramble to your feet. The floor is slippery and your body's aching. Before you can stand up, the hand wraps around your ankle, trying to pull you back into the tub.

Turning around quickly, you see red, wet stringy hair and glowing green eyes bobbing in the tub. You kick him in the face as hard as you can, breaking free of his grip once. More.

You crawl on your stomach over to the sink cabinet, quickly grabbing a box cutter you kept under there. Sitting up with your back against the cabinet, you raise the sharp piece of metal up, pointing it toward the bathtub - your hand trembling, barely able to hold onto it.

The clown in the tub slowly starts to rise up above the water, eliciting an eerie drippings sound until all six feet five of him has resurfaced.

You just watch in horror as Pennywise throws a leg up over the side of the tub - his movements stiff and Frankenstein like. When his feet touch the tile, he shakes himself dry like a dog just out of a river. Water flies everywhere and you have to squint your eyes almost shut.

The clown starts to walk toward you in a zombie robot like fashion, creeping you out even more.

He stops for a second, twitching his neck and bending down a bit to look at you. "Time to float." He says, taking another step toward you.

It suddenly hits you...if Pennywise has come back for you, that means your friends are dead.

Tears start streaming down your cheeks as your throat swells up, making you choke up.

"You killed them." You cry - your voice shaking. "You killed them." You barely get the words out as you start to sob.

"Boo hoo hoo." The clown mocks. "You killed them." His voice mocking in a childlike manner. He gets down in your face,

pretending to wipe tears from his eyes.

"Yes, I killed them." Pennywise growls, curling his fingers around your wet neck. "And now they float. And when I'm done, you'll float too." He giggles gleefully.

Sniffing, you squint your eyes at him angrily. "Ff-fuck you." You choke out - your voice shaking.

The clown cocks a brow - his lip curling into a devious smirk. "Funny you should mention that...."

"No. Not this time." You shove your foot roughly into his chest, pushing him away from you long enough to scramble to your feet and run out into your bedroom.

You barely make it through the threshold before the clown grabs your ankle, making you fall to the floor, flat down on your stomach, hitting the carpet with a grunt.

Pennywise pulls your leg, forcefully flipping you onto your back, roughly. He crawls over you slowly like a predatory animal going in for the kill.

You can't fight anymore. It's useless anyway. How are you supposed to escape a supernatural entity all on your own? The rest of the losers are gone and now it's just you. Your only escape would be just not being afraid, but you are, and it's not as if you can will yourself to not be. You are or you aren't. It's not a choice. It was much easier to be brave when you had six supportive friends that had your back.

The clown settles on top of you, looking you over like you're a fly he just caught in his web.

"So no fun this time? Just floating?" He lets out a disappointed sigh. "That's too bad."

Pennywise holds his hand up and you watch as his fingers stretch into claws, ripping and poking through the fingertips of his glove.

He's probably gonna slice your throat open and drink your blood like you're an erupting bottle of champagne.

Your mind starts to wonder though - remembering the last time Pennywise was on top of you. You try desperately not to go there, but unfortunately your body remembers as well as your mind. A warm tingle starts in your clit - the early sign of arousal. 'Fuck.'

The clown wiggles his claws at you, raising his arm up high, getting ready to deliver the blow, when suddenly he stops - a look of surprise on his face.

He crinkles up his nose and starts to sniff.

It's too late. He knows.

A grin slowly creeps across his big red lips.

"I know what that is." Pennywise whispers, licking his lips. "I remember that smell from the last time I was here." He gives a low, sinister chuckle. "I thought you didn't wanna play?"

You shut your eyes tightly in frustration. You really want to stick by your principles this time, but him knowing of your arousal is going to make that impossible.

"There's only one scent that can top this, and that's fear." He snarls. "And guess what?" He moves in, getting uncomfortably close to your face. "I smell that too."

You swallow thickly - still slightly trembling, and watch him slink down, pushing your legs open and nestling in between them.

He's just looking down at you at first, almost mesmerized by your pussy that's now swollen and puffy with arousal.

"Hmm. If I can smell your fear, then maybe I can taste it." The clown licks his lips and moves his head down in between your quivering thighs.

He breathes in deep, before opening his mouth.

You watch his tongue slither out from between his lips like a snake and before you know what's happening, wet slick muscle swipes over your entrance, licking up the juices gathered there. Quick and to the

point, going straight for the goods.

The clown's tongue goes back into his mouth, and he presses his lips together giving an experimental taste.

You watch his brow lift high over his eye as a pleased look slowly stretches over his painted face.

"Oh but I can." Pennywise coos. His eyes wide with excitement.

The clown releases his tongue again and you look down your stomach and watch it settle over your hole, giving it a few more exploratory licks.

Your head falls back onto the floor and you instinctively spread your legs wider for him. You don't even realize you're doing it. It's like a subconscious reflex, but it just feels right.

Pennywise's warm semi gloved claws press into your inner thighs, holding your shaking legs steady. He starts to move his tongue upward, swiping in between your swollen lips and settling on the throbbing bundle of nerves at the top, making your mouth fall open and your eyelashes flutter.

The tongue circles around it a few times before the clown takes it between his lips, giving it a light suckle and letting out a content sigh through his nose that sends gushing, hot air over your hood.

The feeling is so intense it's almost unbearable. You start squirming around uncontrollably and whimpering.

Your toes curl in when his mouth sinks over your entire pussy, sucking it in and swirling his tongue over the lips.

The longer he's down there, the more aggressive he gets, until he's slobbering all over you, making "mmmm" sounds and switching from sucking to licking over and over - obnoxious slurping sounds filling the room.

He can't get enough. It's like he's literally trying to eat you. He's like a

rabid dog that hasn't eaten in days. Growling and drooling like someone's trying to take his bone away. It feels so good, you feel you might die.

You've been trying to stifle your moans to keep from giving Pennywise the satisfaction, but it gets harder and harder with every lick. And finally when that familiar warmth starts pooling in your stomach, quickly spreading downward to your clit, the flood gates open.

Screams and curse words fall from your gaping mouth as the white hot tingle engulfs you. Your hips buck up uncontrollably and your fingers curl into the carpet till they ache.

The few seconds your orgasm lasts, manage to take an exhausting toll. And to top it off, Pennywise is still going to town. Your now over sensitive clit can't take it. The feeling is too overwhelming, like electricity running through you.

You gasp and try to wiggle away from him, finally putting your hand on top of his head and pushing him.

"Oh god, stop." You whimper. "I can't take it. Please."

Pennywise finally pulls off, making eye contact with you as he licks his shiny lips.

He comes up from between your quivering legs and hovers over you, growling and panting and you feel his hard on bumping your inner thigh as he settles down on top of you.

You can barely close your legs, much less have anything near your pussy. You quickly sit up and hook an arm around his neck, pulling him in for a fevered kiss - the tang of your taste, still on his lips.

Even though your body has already been satisfied, you're still really turned on, like an animal in heat. Your hand snakes down in between his legs, palming over his hard bulge - squeezing and rubbing till he's growling in your mouth.

You break the kiss with a loud smooch and point at the bed behind him. "Sit down." You pant, nodding your head.

Pennywise gets up to his feet and plops down onto the edge - a look of curiosity in his eyes.

You crawl over to the clown, putting your hands on his knees, and spreading his legs open.

He watches you closely as you slip the button on the crotch of his pants through the hole. There's almost a look of concern on his face. Like a deer in headlights.

Your hand reaches in, grabbing hold of him and pulling his length free of his clown suit.

It's the first time you've actually seen the clown's cock. You were too afraid to look last time. Other than being solid white like the rest of his skin (apparently he doesn't paint his self that way, but takes the actual form of what a real clown would look like) and being freakishly huge, it looks like a normal cock. You can't help but sigh in relief. The question is, is this how it really looks, or did he make it look this way? Not as if that matters at this point, but it's something you can't help but wonder.

The truth is, despite your arousal, you're still terrified of the clown. The fact that you're enthusiastic about sucking him off, confuses you. But what you do know is, if you do a really good job, you stand a pretty good chance at making it out alive again. Surely he'll love it and want more again at some point. Who else is gonna give it to him? It's worth a try anyway.

You wrap your fingers around the base of his cock, tightly - darting your tongue out to wet your lips, before placing the swollen head between them.

Pennywise shifts in his seat as if completely shocked by this act.

You suckle the head for a few seconds before teasingly sliding your pointed tongue over the slit, causing the clown to jump slightly. The changing in his breathing as you sink your lips as far down him as you can, is immediately noticeable.

A loud slurping noise fills the room as you drag your lips back up his shaft. The clown is almost silent, or at least trying to be. It's obvious he's choking back his moans as if he's trying to not give you the satisfaction of making him come undone. You pull off for a second just to smirk a little to yourself. He's not fooling anyone.

You tighten your grip around the base of his shaft then wrap your lips just a bit below the frenulum, sliding down until your lips meet your fist - moving your hand and mouth in a rhythmic motion - in perfect sync with each other.

Pennywise's legs twitch as he loudly blows air out through his nose. You're getting to him.

You moan contently as the warm, weight of his cock presses into your tongue, before sliding back down again, starting a steady rhythm - nice, smooth strokes, lots of suction.

Low growls shake in the clown's throat. You feel claws tangle into your hair, making your scalp tingle. It's obvious, he's barely holding it together. A part of you is relieved, but deep down you know you're not out of the woods, just yet.

You slide your now swollen lips back down his length - your tongue flickering, and saliva dripping down his length.

His breathing is even more erratic. He starts jostling and the next thing you know, you're being pulled up by your arm, causing his cock to fall out of your mouth with a pop - a string of saliva still connecting you.

Pennywise pushes you down on the mattress, roughly - adjusting you till he's on his knees in between your legs. He grabs you by the hips and pulls you into him - up slightly, so your ass is elevated and not touching the mattress.

"I wanna see." Pennywise growls, and you're not really sure what he means.

You just lie there silently, except for the excessive panting.

The clown grabs hold of his cock and guides it into you slowly. His

eyes widen as he watches it slowly disappear, inch by inch, until it's gone.

That alone felt so good, you almost forgot you're still in danger.

He stares down in between your legs as he slowly withdraws, watching his cock slide out, all wet and shiny.

"It's amazing my length fits in this tiny little thing." He runs his hand over your mound, pulling out a little, slowly - looking down at his fat cock, glistening with your juices. He slowly slips it back in, amazed at how well it fits.

It's crazy how good it feels despite how slowly his movements. You bite down on your fingers to keep from shamelessly moaning like a porn star.

Your thighs still tremble as he continues his slow descent in and out of your body.

"Does it feel good?" He asks in a manner that's less a form of dirty talk, than it is an actual curiosity of his.

"Yes." You pant out with no hesitation. "Yes. So good. Oh, god." Your voice, now a whimper.

Pennywise watches so curiously. Almost childlike in his mannerisms. He finally lies down on top of you, picking up speed with his thrusts.

The clown starts sniffing around your neck like an animal while he fucks you - rough and fast now. The whole lower half of your body now tingles with pleasure.

Something wet and warm dribbles onto your neck, making you snap out of your trance. You rub your fingers over it, realizing it's saliva. When you look up at him, you see he's drooling and shaking his head around like a wild animal eating it's prey.

Pennywise nuzzles his face into your neck, snarling and salivating all over you, wildly - his teeth grazing over your flesh.

His behavior worries you. He's getting carried away. Thoughts of him ripping your neck out with his teeth creep into your head, making you even more scared, which of course, just eggs him on further. The smell of your fear makes him all the more aroused.

The growling and biting grows more obnoxious along with every thrust of his hips, till he stills and shudders roughly.

The feel of his cock spasming inside you pushes you over the edge you didn't even know you were teetering on. Your second orgasm hits you hard and fast, making your back arch up off the bed and everything below your waist tingle with a white heat.

You can't help but cry out and hold onto Pennywise tightly - your arms wrapped around his back, squeezing as you ride it out.

The clown sits up almost immediately, sniffing the air again.

Before you know what's happening, he's left your body, and crouched down in between your legs once more. Wet, prodding warmth flicks over your entrance, licking up the mess you made.

It's not so bad in such a low region as far as over stimulation goes, but that wicked tongue just has move upward in between your lips and settle over the swollen, bundle of nerves at the top.

You have to throw your pillow over your face and scream into it. You're so sensitive, you could die. He's only down there long enough to lick you clean - seconds, but it feels like minutes and you practically sob into the pillow till the slimey warmth finally retreats.

The pillow slides off your face as your grip loosens to nothing. You bring your quivering legs back together, and pull yourself up against your headboard, watching Pennywise lick your remnants off his lips.

He gets up and adjusts himself back into his clown suit, still sniffing the air.

You just lie there, still slightly trembling, either from fear or from your body being put through the ringer, but most likely both.

"I suppose you're wondering what happens now?" He asks, running

his tongue over the front of his teeth.

You just nod your head.

"I'm not gonna kill you. This time, anyway."

That last sentence hits you like a ton of bricks. That son of a bitch just had to say that, because God forbid you have a moment's peace the rest of your life.

"Fuck that." Your voice breaks, slightly.

The clown looks back over his shoulder at you, before turning around - eyes wide with disbelief.

"No games, Pennywise. I can't look over my shoulder..." You choke back the tears welling inside.

He squints his eyes at you, gavotting back towards the bed. "Care to make a deal with the devil, so to speak?" He whispers - one eyebrow raised high in curiosity.

You swallow thickly, pulling your sheets up over your naked body. "What kind of deal?"

"I'll tell you what, Y/N..... If you promise, that I can come back and have you anytime I want, for the rest of your life, no matter what you're circumstances at the time may be.... I promise to never harm you, or anyone you love, ever."

In this moment, it doesn't seem like too bad a deal. He won't be back for another ten years. You'll walk away with your life and not have to worry about it for a decade. Anything is better than being eaten alive by a demonic clown.

"No more sleepless nights. No more living in fear. I'll come back, we'll do this, and that'll be that. It's a good deal. Take it."

You nod your head, quietly.

A sinister grin, slowly creeps across his painted face. "That's a good girl. Seal it with a kiss?" He leans down, pulling you roughly to his

mouth, penetrating your lips with his curious tongue - rough and hard, almost sucking the breath right out of you.

He pulls off you roughly, making you fall back down onto the mattress with a thud.

"Pleasure doing business with you." The tall clown takes a bow. "I'll be seeing you." And with a wink of his glowing, yellow eye, he's gone - your bedroom quiet and still, as if he'd never been in the first place.

Your body's still reeling - your heart thudding in your chest, feeling unsure if you should be relieved or not.

You've still got a problem to deal with, eventually. Although there are worse ways this night could've ended.

You're too tired to bother cleaning yourself up, or even getting dressed for that matter.

Your eyes grow heavy. You feel your consciousness ebbing away and your thoughts, slowly coming to an end. You close your eyes, giving in to your pursuer.....exhaustion.

Author's Note:

Hope you liked the follow up. I already have a plan for the third installment. Stay tuned,ficcers.